

Breaking Dawn

by Revented

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Chief/John-117

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Summary: The Insurrection has started attacking UNSC outposts. The RVB crew and Blue team(actually Halo) have been called in to stop them. Will they succeed? Read to find out.

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Ch. 1

****Harvest system space monitoring station, 0600 hours.****

UNSC private Michael Collins stood at the post he was assigned to, watching as the screen rolled out information. So far, ever since he had been deployed here, all had been quiet. It was starting to get boring, and Michael kind of wished that he would see some action. All of a sudden, the console started spitting out information. The private took one look at the data, and nearly fainted. There were numerous Insurrection vessels on approach. Even worse, their weapons, shields and other systems looked seriously strong. Then, to his dismay, the ships turned towards the station. Immediately alarms started ringing, and maydays, distress calls and transmissions to Earth began. The enemy vessels started firing their main cannons at the station. Upon seeing this, the station commander broadcast over the intercom: "Incoming enemy fire! All hands, brace for impact!"

Meanwhile, on Earth.

At Lord Hood's office everything was pandemonium. Reports had just come in about the loss of one of their monitoring stations near what used to be Harvest. There wasn't much as the station had been destroyed in minutes, but from what was there, they found that the station had come under attack by unknown vessels. The only people who

knew everything were dead. So here Hood was, surrounded by the most important people in the UNSC, trying to decide what to do. "Lord Hood, with all due respect, we need to gather a fighting force," one of his senior admirals said. "We need to strike back at them."

"There's just one problem with that plan, Admiral Mitch. We have no idea WHO they are." Hood answered.

"Then what do we do?" Admiral Mitch asked.

"We send a couple of vessels to each station nearby, then we wait for them. Hopefully the extra vessels can hold out long enough to identify them." Hood replied.

"Then we send in the strike team?" Mitch said.

"Yes. And I know just who to send." Hood continued.

"Who?" Mitch inquired.

Valhalla

"Man, this sucks." Grif complained. "We have nothing to do. I'm bored."

"Grif, you're always bored. It doesn't matter where we are. You're still going to be bored." Simmons told him.

"Grif, Simmons! Front and center!" Sarge said while running in.

"What is it Sarge?"

"Just got a message from Command. Apparently they want us and the Blues to head to Earth to meet up with some very important people." Sarge told them.

"When are we leaving?" Simmons asked.

"Today," Alpha said as Blue team walked up to them. "There's a Pelican in an hour."

"Hold on a minute," Grif said. "We have to pack NOW!"

"Yes," Sarge said. "So get moving Private Grif!"

One hour laterâ€|

"Right everyone, the Pelican's here. Get on board!" yelled Carolina

On route to Earthâ€|

"So who do you think wants to see us?" Tucker asked the rest of the group.

"I don't know but they must be pretty important to just pull us from Valhalla." Wash replied.

"Sir!" a Marine shouted running up to them. "Brace yourselves, we are being boarded!"

The Reds and Blues immediately started preparing for combat and pointed their weapons towards the area where the boarding craft was. In an instant the wall blew out and Insurrectionist soldiers started flooding the frigate they were on. "Lay down cover fire!" Carolina yelled.

"I am!" Grif yelled back.

"Alpha," Wash started. "See if you can get us out of here or get us reinforcements."

"Alright Wash I will. Standby"

"Standby!?" Grif shouted. "We are in a firefight and the best he can do is 'Standby'?"

"Okay," Alpha said reappearing. "I just sent a distress signal to a prowler that is nearby. They are going to come and help us."

"Wait a moment," Carolina said. "Don't they use prowlers to transport VIPs and POWs?"

There was silence for a moment as that sunk in.

"Marine!" Carolina yelled. "We are moving to secure the hangar bay! Keep them at bay!"

"Copy that, Sir," the Marine told her. "Go get 'em!"

In the hangar bayâ€|

When the teams got to the hangar they were stunned. Almost all the Innies in the hangar were dead. The few that remained were being destroyed, literally, by a figure wearing the same armor they did. The only difference was that his was olive green. "Who the hell are you?" Grif asked, not recognising the figure that was in front of the group. Those who had served on the Mother of Invention, however, immediately snapped to attention. "Masterchief, Sir!" Wash called out once the fight was over. However, the Spartan paid them no attention, instead radioing someone outside. "Admiral, sir, the hangar is clear. After a minute a Pelican flew in, landed, and lowered the rear ramp. Out walked Admiral Mitch. "Admiral on deck!" Carolina yelled.

End
file.